Quiet Corrine - - - By Anna Loring

"Who is that man, Alice?"

"The tall one with the Frazers?"

"Yes—he's just getting ready to drive off number one."

That's Richard Corey. Don't you know him?"

"I used to slightly, but he's been away such a long time he's changed a great deal. What's he doing here?"

"Why—the Coreys have always lived here."

"I know, but they left Bellridge to live in New York."

"Yes, but Richard has come back to stay and is going to operate the old factory, with additions. Where have you been, Corinne, not to have heard all the gossip? Why, every girl within 10 miles is setting her cap straight for him. If it weren't for Jim." Alice looked fondly at the diamond on her left hand, "I'd look pleasant at him myself. He's quite a catch, Corinne!" significantly.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things, Alice."

"I like to shock you, Quakeress," laughed Alice. "I wish you wouldn't be so prudish."

"I don't mean to be," said Corinne hastily, "but it sort of gives me the shivers to hear people speak so lightly of marriage."

"Come on," said Alice, "we can start a peach—almost to the first bunker! Now watch me foozle the ball and go six yards into the rough. No, I didn't after all—it was better than I expected, almost up to you. But wait till it comes to the iron shots! that's where I fall down. If I don't reduce my handicap this year I'll give up. Just think, you're down to 10 and I still have 24."

And so the two girls started around the course, Alice chattering and dubbing the ball; Corinne quiet and concentrating on each play. Alice made nine holes in 68, Corinne in 50.

Afterward on the broad, cool piazza of the clubhouse they had tea, a kaleidoscopic crowd in violently striped skirts, blazing sweaters and variegated hats. Corinne alone was all in white, from her little white sailor to her white buck shoes. Her hair, innocent of a net, was wind-blown and a color as delicate as that of a tea rose was in her cheeks. But she had about as much chance of attention in that crowd as an anemone midst a wealth of American Beauty roses.

Everybody, including Corinne, was introduced to the newcomer. But after Richard Corey's friendly handshake and appropriate sentiment about being very happy, indeed, to meet her again, she retired to the corner of a wicker divan and amused herself with a magazine and her tea. Why try to talk when every one else was talking at the top of his, or her lungs? Richard was the center of a large crowd, chiefly feminine, which insisted on giving him cakes and sandwiches and more tea.

"Come on, if you've finished," said Alice at last. "I guess we'd better start home. It's after 5." So the girls got into the roadster and departed. On the way home Alice gave Corinne another lecture about being so retiring. "You'll never make an impression that way, dear. Why, that man doesn't remember you any more than he does one of the bushes beside the course. People have to do something a little bit noticeable these days to make them stand out. If you're going to be backward and quiet the whole mob will get ahead of you."

"I'm out of the race, dear," said Corinne quietly. "I don't care to compete with anybody."

"Mother," said Alice at dinner, "I'd like to shake Corinne. It's her own fault she never has a beau. She doesn't realize that one can't be old-fashioned any more. You just have to dress with a little bit of snap and have a bit of dash to your manner to get anywhere at all. I don't see why she can't see it. She's smart in every other way."

"That's why she doesn't do it," answered her father. "It's because she is smart."

"Oh, I know how old people feel," declared Alice with a pout. "But you don't understand how young men have changed. It isn't our fault that they are different. When Corinne came out in her new spring clothes consisting of a black sailor hat and a gray homespun suit Jim said she was really more conspicuous than any of us just because she was so plain. But I told him that if she was it wasn't her fault. She'd have a fit if she thought she was attracting any attention. The reason I'm talking so much about it is that Dick Corey was at the club today and I introduced him to Corinne, and there was her chance. For really she is pretty, and I'd love to see her married to some nice, rich, good looking chap like Dick and show some of these girls around here that she's of better clay than they—and she is, too. We all know how blue blooded Corinne really is. But she sneaks off in a corner and hides, and I'd give that for her chances now." Snapping her fingers. "But I have a little plan, and I'm going to help along her interests if I can. No, I'll not tell anybody till we see how it works, but I'm going to get busy."

Alice met Dick the next morning on the train as she was returning from a shopping trip and managed to sit beside him. Adroitly she brought the conversation to Corinne. It seemed ridiculously easy. Dick really seemed anxious to talk about her.

"You see, the trouble with Corinne is," said Alice confidentially, "that she has that innocent, unsophisticated look that rather bores one if he doesn't know her."

Dick looked at her with interest and was apparently all attention. "That's a good start," thought Alice. "Make a girl mysterious, devilish, any old thing, and a man will sit up and at least take notice." She went on aloud, "But that's the trouble—so few people know Corinne as I do. She's really anything but unsophisticated, and her life reads like a book. She can't help it if her youth was blighted. But, never mind, that was long ago, and although things were against her, I know it was not her fault. And then, there was that other affair in Paris before the war broke out. Oh, dear. Who'd have thought it of Corinne? You see, she isn't unsophisticated at all; she's just satiated, tired of it all. She's blase! That's what she is!"

"What—what's all this you are telling me?" asked Dick finally, when he had sufficiently recovered his voice and could get a word in.

Alice looked at him in wonder. His face was a study in indignation.

"I was just telling you about Corinne. I wanted you to be interested, and everybody seems to think she's so quiet and unimportant!" And then impulsively, "I love her, that's what, and I've been trying to make some one sit up and take notice. I'm tired of having people think she's a little church house!"

"Thank you, Miss Alice," said Dick quietly. "I believe you're stanch, but your method is odd, that's all. Corinne and I have been engaged since she was in New York last fall and we are to be married next week. She hates to be conspicuous, so we decided to keep it quiet."

And Alice has not quite straightened it all out yet. She never told any one how it worked. Moreover, she has decided that she is no match for Corinne and she's learned to be careful of what she says.

Objections Overruled - It Isn't Really Any Fun if Things are Too Easy. That's Why the Finish Took Away the Spice. By WILLIAM K. GRIMM.

There would have to be an elopement: there was no other way to gain the happiness which they sought. Of that much they were certain, for because Esther's mother objected to the marriage, Bob's father, too, was unwilling, and therefore some way to circumvent the edict of the parents must be evolved. Esther had talked it all over, first with herself and then with Bob, and Bob had talked it all over, too,—first with Esther and then with himself, as is the way of men and women.

Yes, they would have to run away. That would make it all the more romantic, and in later years, as they sat around the fireplace in their cosy little home—they had it all pictured—how they could look back with pleasure on their wedding day! Esther was enthusiastic, and Bob, since Esther had declared herself, was enthusiastic too.

As Bob and Esther thought the matter over, and compared notes, there seemed to be a certain strangeness about the fact that their parents should object to the marriage when they had always been such good friends, and had grown up together. That Robert Griffith was an ideal young man was an indisputable fact in Esther's mind, and according to Bob the girls who could compare at all favorably with Esther Cullinane were so scarce that it wasn't worth while looking for them. And yet this admittedly ideal couple were not to be married,—merely because their parents thought they shouldn't! An elopement there should be.

It was a simple matter to decide on the elopement, but goodness knows the arrangement of details was hard. If you have ever planned an elopement yourself you'll understand the situation. The best plan, they decided, would be to take out the license the day before they ran away, without saying anything to anyone. Then they could leave quietly and be married, maybe in some little town they should come to. It would be necessary to get the license at home, because the state law provided that the license could be issued only in the girl's home county if she were a resident of the state.

Both Bob and Esther were of age, and so they experienced no difficulty in getting the license. But, although each had attained that age spoken of as the "majority," neither of them were very well versed in psychology, or in the wonderous complexity of that elusive abstract article, human nature. While they were in the clerk's office getting the license, it happened that a reporter came in to get the list of licenses issued. Bob, of course, did not want the fact that he and Esther were about to be married to be put in the paper, and so he called the newspaper man aside, and asked him to keep the thing out of the paper, offering an incentive in the form of a gold piece.

Such tactics didn't work. Perhaps the ordinary run of journalists would have jumped at the offering, but this particular man was new on the job, and had had it impressed upon him that under no circumstances was he to suppress news of any kind. Then, on the other hand, the families of both parties were well known in the town, and he felt that there was a story worth more to him than the five dollars. The two combined were sufficient to defeat the ends of the somewhat crestfallen Bob.

They would have to take their chances, they decided. One consolation was their's, that the marriage licenses were usually printed in small type, under what is known in newspaper vernacular as a "cap" head,—a line of small black type, no larger than the body type of the paper. It was not unlikely that the matter would escape observation altogether. At any rate, there was no help. Even $10 had failed to move the news gatherer from his original assertion that "his paper printed the news, regardless."

So Bob took the license, and together they left the office, trusting to luck. For a short time they considered the advisability of going across the street to the office of a justice of the peace, and becoming married immediately, before anyone would have time to interfere, but that didn't seem very romantic, to go up into a stuffy lawyer's office and get married without encountering the least opposition, and they abandoned the idea with dispatch.

Bob was to be Grand Custodian of the License until the next morning, at which time he was to call for Esther in his roadster, and from then on their lives would be one continual flickerless moving picture—or so they thought. The rest of the afternoon passed quickly, as time is all too prone to do when loving couples have a short while together by themselves, and Esther, pleading that they would have to get some rest so that they could start early, made Bob leave as early as 12 o'clock. To tell the bitter truth, Esther didn't get to bed until nearly 2, and then it was nearly daylight before she dropped off to sleep. The eve of one's wedding is not a time to repose peacefully.

The groom-to-be was also excited enough to keep him awake until about 2, but when he struck the pillow he became sound asleep without a moment's delay. It hardly seemed possible that he had reached the Land of Nod before he heard the furious rattling of the doorknob, and the voice of his father, calling him to awake and let somebody in. With vague fears that burglars had in some way managed to carry off his beloved Esther, Bob threw back the covers and rushed to the door, which he opened wide.

Bob's father, a morning paper in his hand, stormed into the room. "Who said you could get a license to marry Esther Cullinane?" he demanded. Bob glanced toward a chair, over the back of which hung the coat he had worn yesterday. In the inside pocket, snugly hidden, was the license. "Well," went on Mr. Griffith, "Why don't you answer?"

"Nobody gave me permission," said Bob. "I think I'm just about old enough to be my own boss. I got the license because I love her, and I'm going to marry her."

"Look what you got in the paper." Bob took the extended sheet and looked at it. There, under a large heading, was the story of the reporter who couldn't be bribed, and of the young man who had pressed a gold piece in his hand to keep a story out of the paper. The reporter had "gone the limit," for the fact was displayed as prominently as could be.

"If I'd only shut up," thought Bob, as his eye caught the list of other licenses granted, far down in one inconspicuous corner of the page, "everything would have been all right."

"What did you do with your license? Have you already been married?" demanded the elder Griffith.

Bob had a decided notion to say "yes" to the last question, bu instead, be replied, "I have it here. We're going to be married this morning."

"Oh, you are, are you?" Mr. Griffith strode across the room, to where Bob's coat was hanging. It took him but an instant to locate the precious paper, and he pulled it out into plain sight. Then, while Bob looked on in amazement, he tore the thing to bits, and flung the pieces out of a window. "Now let's see you go ahead. I'll see if you're going to marry a girl whose mother won't have you." Picking up the discarded newspaper, the older man went out and slammed the door.

As he dressed, Bob carefully reviewed the situation. Apparently the only thing to do would be to leave town, drive across the state line at its nearest point, and procure another licence. He went downstairs, and neglecting to eat breakfast, he hurried out to the garage to get his machine.

Upon arriving there, he found that his father had put other obstacles in his path. The wide doors through which he would have to drive were shut and locked, with a padlock Bob had never seen before, and which had a suspicious look of newness about it. The lock which had been used was gone,—because Bob had the key to that. The little door at the side was open, and Bob went in, but apparently there was no way to get the machine out without breaking the lock. Well, then, the lock would have to be broken.

The young man picked up a hammer with which to accomplish his purpose, but as he stepped out to begin his attack, he changed his mind. Two husky gardeners were standing not far away, and Mr. Griffith was talking to them, apparently giving them instructions to stop any attempts to get the machine out of the garage.

Without the car, Bob felt it would be impossible to elope. By all means, then, he must contrive to get away from the place with it. To begin hammering on the lock would serve only to bring on interference. As Bob looked the matter over, he decided to make a daring attempt to break down the doors, using the front end of his long roadster as a battering ram.

Quietly, he filled the gasoline tank from the supply pump in the garage. Then he looked over the ignition system to see that it had not been put out of commission. Every precaution possible was taken before finally he crawled into the seat and set the motor going. Bob was thankful that it didn't make much noise.

Carefully he reversed the machine as far back as it would go, so as to give him plenty of room to start. Then he set the gears in first speed and released his clutch, at the same time advancing the throttle. Like a living animal, the machine under him responded. It took a flying leap at the flimsy barriers, crashing into them with a two-ton weight.

The lock simply couldn't stand the sudden strain, and it flew apart, allowing the doors to swing wide. With rapidly gathering momentum, the car shot down the drive to the street, Bob clinging desperately to the wheel. The sudden start had almost caused him to lose control. He was dimly conscious of a pair of men running after him and shouting as he steered the machine through the gate and out into the street, but he chuckled as he thought how little they could do to stop him.

Five minutes later he was running up the front walk to the house where Esther Cullinane lived. She was sitting on the porch. "Come on," ordered Bob. "They'll be after us in a minute or two."

"I can't, Bob," replied Esther, tearfully. "When mother saw that in the paper this morning, she made me promise that I wouldn't go with you. I didn't want to, but I had to."

To the credit of Robert Griffith, let it be said that he could catch a loophole in anything. A contract with a "joker" could never get by him, but he was always able to insert such a phrase without being detected. "You promised you wouldn't go with me?" he questioned. Esther nodded.

"Well, you didn't promise not to be taken," he declared, and without more ado he picked her up and carried her down the walk to where his machine stood, the engine still throbbing with pent up power. "You see," he explained, as he started the car, "you couldn't help it that I kidnaped you."

Perhaps, to be perfectly honest, Esther should have screamed while she was being carried away. She didn't think of it, though, until after they were roaring along the parkway, and then she didn't want to make herself conspicuous, so she kept quiet. Thus the "kidnaping" was carried out without a slip.

It was a hundred miles to the state line, with only one big city to go through, and the speedometer never dropped below the "forty" mark until they were in the outskirts of that city. Then, because the asphalt street was slippery, Bob eased the car down to twenty miles an hour. He threaded his way through the center of town, and then began to pick up speed along a wonderful drive, leading out of town. A voice from behind hailed them.

"Pull up to the side of the road," it commanded.

"We're pinched," said Bob, ruefully, as he steered over to the curb. The motorcycle officer drew up alongside.

"Don't you know you can't burn up the road like that in this town?" he questioned.

"Yes," admitted Bob. "I'm guilty. What's the fine for the first offense?"

"Eleven dollars," was the reply.

"Well," here's the money for the fine," said Bob, handing a ten and a five to the officer. "You can keep the change," he added.

"That ain't regular," declared the other.

"I know it. But, you see, we're eloping," explained Bob. "Take care of it that way this time, won't you?"

"Well, all right," agreed the officer, and before he could change his mind Bob had started the machine. When Esther looked back a few minutes later, the policeman was still standing by his machine looking after them.

Three hours and ten minutes after Bob had burst out of the garage back home, he crossed the line into Ohio with the girl who was to become his wife beside him. A half hour later they stopped in front of the court house at the county seat. Five minutes after that they had a license to wed.

After they were married, an hour later, they thought it all over once more, and humanlike, were sorry they had disobeyed the wishes of their parents. "It would be so much nicer if we had persuaded them to give us permission," said Esther. "Now mother won't have anything to do with me the rest of my life."

"Perhaps it would have been better," agreed her husband. "Dad will probably kick me out of the firm now, and a young lawyer all alone can't make as much money. But we won't starve," he declared, with the splendid optimism of youth. "And besides, I have you."

"Yes," said Esther, "with each other we can get along without lots of other things. We can't have everything, anyway."

Late that afternoon they returned to the clerk's office to file the signed license, to show that they had been married. When the necessary transactions were completed, the smiling clerk handed them a telegram addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. Robert Griffith." They tore it open, and read:

"Congratulations. Love laughs at all obstacles, so guess you love each other all right. That's all we wanted to be sure of. You needn't come home. Are forwarding trunks to Cleveland. Go ahead on your wedding trip.

"Papa Griffith and
Mamma Cullinane."

The Raeburn Luck - - By Isabel Frost

Nick Raeburn had come out to Nevada before the Goldfield rush. All through that period of excitement when fortunes were made and lost overnight, Nick went along his leisurely way, driving the stage to the Mahonk mines over from station below the big Rayolite construction plant. And the days when he had work to do his son drove the stage.

Little Nick, they called him, although he was a foot taller than big Nick, his father. Overgrown and easy mannered, he was the butt of all the newcomers to the mines.

"But, Lord Harry, you can't rattle him," Nick would say happily. "He was born in the sunshine, that boy. Prettiest mother you ever saw—used to run the pancake counter at Daniels's cafe down at Chaffee Junction. Don't you know where that is? Up in the Panhandle. She ran away when Nick was about two and a half, and got a divorce in Reno. I never blamed here a mite. I used to drink like a fish those days and never earned a whole week's pay in my life. It sort of pulled me up the morning I came in and found her gone and little Nick waiting for me to button up his duds for him and wash his face. Does a man a pile of good to have responsibility forced on him that way. But I wish she hadn't been so final. I sure did like that girl."

When the last strike happened up at the Mahonk the news of it reached the outer world and the rush began about a week later. It was up in the mountains, following the bed of the old Ramazan river, and folk had a hard time getting to it. Nick knew the best way up and made trips steadily. One morning as he took the blankets off the bay mares a woman came toward him from the little hotel that was part of the mushroom growth of Rayolite. She was about 35, but slender and as pretty as a girl, and trim as a clipper in her dark blue suit and white felt hat.

"Is this the stage to the Mahonk mines?" she asked. Nick turned his head to answer in his usual way, foreseeing a prospective traveler, when he recognized her. Yet over him her gaze swept without a gleam of memory. There was nothing about old Nick—shrunken, stoop shouldered, weatherbeaten, with his face twisted habitually into a one-sided grin—to bring back any recollection of the early romance that had happened in Daniels's cafe, Chaffee Junction. Nick answered with some inward embarrassment. Fan had suffered too little from time's ravages for him to affect unconcern. Yet all the way up to the mines she hardly looked at him, and he watched her leave the stage with surging emotions. Even if she had run away from him there had not been any other man, so far as he knew. It was just as she had said in her farewell letter. There had been too much for any woman to stand and she wanted to get out and earn her own living.

"See that woman in blue that came up with you?" asked Dabney when he sauntered out of the hotel after Nick had eaten. "She's representing the Munson-Lane interests, they say. Nice, quiet little party with more nerve and punch up her sleeve than any man here. I heard the fellows saying she was always sent on ahead to scout a bit and find out how things were going before they sent on any buyers. She's been asking what properties hereabout have been undeveloped."

Nick nodded. He had a bunch of worthless claims up on the side of old Ramazan mountain that had cost him assessment work each year and hung around his neck like a millstone. They lay just beyond the river bed drift of ore. It was pretty hard to get the work done this year especially. Little Nick had made a shift at it, but couldn't swing it alone. Anyhow, it didn't matter much. He forgot claims thinking of Fan and her nerve in taking up any such line as this and making good at it. Yet wasn't she the sort to make good at anything—mines or flapjacks? Perhaps if she'd only put her mind to it, she might even have made a success of him. Only that wasn't worth while.

Before he left town for the trip back, Dabney told him he "guessed the woman in the blue suit was a little bit stumped." About everything along the Ramazan had been taken up and the owners knew enough to hang on it. She was asking now, he said, where the man was who owned the ten claims called the Lucky Lou group.

"Tell her he's gone out of town, but given you orders to dicker on terms," replied Nick, gravely. "And if you can sell at a good figure and keep my name out of it, why there's a nice slice to you, Dabney. I've got reasons for dealing through a third party. Never did like to do any business with the sex, anyhow. They're so all-fired slippery and coaxing."

The deal went through the next morning, and while the papers were being signed over at the record office the stage coach lay half way down the side of Ramazan mountain with its driver buried under the debris. Little Nick took the new stage in a few days while they tried to patch up what was left of the old man at the hospital in Harden city.

He was standing at the horses' heads when Fan came along, head up and smiling. The secret assay had been made three weeks before on the old Lucky Lou group by scouts sent out ahead of her, and the ore showed up clean and steady in its drift straight down into the river bed. She had taken it in her own name and would transfer it later on to the Munson-Lane people. There would be a fine commission for her out of it, and probably a bonus from Munson himself.

All at once she stopped dead short, staring at the boy who held the mares' heads. Out of the past there stood Nick. Nick in his youthful vigor and good looks, his lazy blue eyes meeting hers, his yellow hair curling thickly on his uncovered head. She gave him one startled look and held out her hand before she thought twice, speaking only his name.

"Nick!"

"Yes, ma'am," answered little Nick, cheerfully.

And then occurred a strange thing in the local history of Mahonk. The little self-sufficient woman in the blue suit keeled over in a faint, and Nick lifted her in his arms and carried her into the sitting room behind the bar, starting out again to call Mrs. Rafferty, the landlady. But Fan opened her eyes and looked up at him longingly.

"Come here," she said. "Come here to me, you big, long-legged, blessed boy. Don't look scared at me, Nick. I'm only your silly old mother. Where's the old man?"

Nick told her with the latest report that old Nick had only crushed a few ribs and sprained his arm.

"That's the Raeburn luck," she sighed happily. "He could have the whole mountain tumble on him and come up smiling. Nick, dear, you know those claims of your father's that I just took over from that fellow Dabney? They're worth about two hundred thousand dollars at a rough estimate. I'll just keep them in the family now, and we'll try and make a millionaire out of the old fellow, you and I together. He's running on the level now, isn't he?"

Nick grinned and assured her he "sure was." He looked at this little blue-eyed, effiient woman who said she was his mother, with sheepish admiration.

"Didn't he ever speak of me, Nick?" she asked.

And Nick, not being versed in the feminine psychology, could not know how much of future happiness lay on his reply. Yet it was simple and candid.

"He said you were the prettiest girl he ever saw, and you made the best panakes in the Panhandle.

Fan sighed happily and pushed in a couple of hairpins.

"He won't find me much changed," she said. "Take me down to him, Nick."

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Strawberries and a Man - By Louise Oliver

Margaret left the girls at the corner and cut across lots to her own house. It was a lovely, soft spring night with a moon, and the perfume of a million blossoms.

Her thoughts were busy. She was thinking of the film she had just seen at the moving picture theater, of poor rebellious little Maggie Tulliver. How like Maggie she was herself, she thought, impulsive, loving, misunderstood, and always in trouble through no fault of her own.

Just now she wanted to do something that seemed to find nothing but ridicule from the people at home. She wanted to have a fresh-air camp for children down on the lake where they could play and wade and frolic all summer.

"But, Peggy dear," her aunt had expostulated, "there is a lovely big home for little city children up on the hill."

"Well, there are more children in town, aren't there?"

"But that isn't it, dear. You don't understand. It would take hundreds of dollars and many people to do the work. There would be washing and ironing and cooking and dish washing and bed making. It wouldn't be all play. And the lake is full of malaria and they'd all be sick and maybe some of them would die. Then what?"

"Get some more," said Margaret, not to be discouraged.

"No, dear, it isn't possible. You'll have to get over this notion just as you got over wanting to be an aviator, and a missionary and all the other things. You'll find your calling some day, I'm sure, and in the meantime just try to be contented with Uncle Ben and me and be your own little sweet self."

Margaret still thinking sympathetically of Maggie, crossed the smooth, moonlit lawns. "I'm just as sure as I can be," she declared, "that by finding my calling some day, Aunt Emma means that I'll get married. And that is the one thing on earth I won't do. I consider it weak-minded, this marrying business, when there are so many real things to do in the world."

The soft grass and the shrubs concealed her approach, and, as she went lightly up the side steps of the porch, she heard voices around front. Evidently no one knew she had come, for the talking went on. It was old Mr. Diron Prothero. Margaret considered a moment. He was a "long winded old stick-in-the-mud," to quote Margaret herself, and she knew he would stay till 12 o'clock. She looked at her wrist watch. It was 9:45 now. She tiptoed to the dining room door, opened the screen and went in. "Even this hot place is better than sitting out there and being told that I ought to get married and that some day he's going to find me a nice husband. I'll just have a saucer of strawberries and cream and then go to bed."

She went back to the ice box, got the berries and switched off the light. Then she stepped out into the inviting coolness of the garden.

"Hello!" said a masculine voice from the swing.

"Hello," answered Margaret surprised. "I thought Katrina had gone out. Excuse me!" And she prepared to depart.

"Don't go!" said the voice. "I don't know who Katrina is, but she's not here. There is just me—only I—I mean to say, I only am present."

"You sound like Hamlet," said Margaret.

"And feel like him. Hamlet was proverbially alone and so am I. Won't you stay a minute?"

"Who are you. I have a habit of being particular about my friends. Were you about to break in? Perhaps you have the flat silver about you now:"

"I was never known to be guilty of having two quarters to jingle together."

"I don't mean that, but anyway never mind. If I sit down will you tell me about yourself?"

"I don't believe I can talk much, my mouth's watering so at the smell of those strawberries.

"Just wait a minute and I'll get you some."

She was back in an instant, this time leaving on the kitchen light. She wanted to see what her vis-a-vis looked like. The evening was turning out beautifully. How shocked Aunt Emma would be!

She was agreeably surprised to find as he sprang forward to hold the door that he was tall, slender, young and nicely and quietly dressed, and his face satisfied her completely. Whatever he was doing there she could take her time to find out.

She settled herself in the swing and he sat down beside her.

"Well?" she asked. "Am I to have the story?"

"There's nothing to it—except that I'm misunderstood."

"How interesting!" exclaimed Margaret, biting a berry. "So am I."

"You don't say so! It's awful, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is, for a girl. I should think a man always has his hat, though. If he doesn't like things he can leave."

"No—you're wrong. If somebody had done everything in the world for you, you can't go back on him, can you?"

"No," said Margaret slowly. "That's the way with me. Aunt Emma and Uncle Ben are darlings, and I wouldn't hurt them for the world."

"I've always done pretty much as I pleased, though," said the young man. "That is, I wanted to write instead of going into business, but it hasn't more than paid expenses. So now Uncle Dick insists that I come and live with him and be his heir and marry some girl he's picked out for me. Isn't it awful! I'd rather go to Alaska."

"How lovely," sighed Margaret. "So should I."

"But I'll have to be going now, I'm afraid. I went to the drug store for some cigars for Uncle Dick and he'll be wondering what's become of me. They're waiting 'round on the first porch for the girl to come home. I slipped around here, it looked so nice and quiet."

"Do you mean that Mr. Prothero is your uncle?"

"Yes."

"And he brought you here to see the girl he wants you to marry?"

"Yes."

"And you're hiding?"

"Yes."

"Good for you. So am I! Im the girl!"

"Good heavens!"

She nodded.

"But if you're the girl, it's—it's different. You see, I didn't know, I—I—really, I'd love to have you marry me."

"If I did, would you let me have a fresh-air camp for children, and have a flying machine, and be a missionary, and everything?"

"Sure thing. And we'd go to Alaska, and I'd write, and we'd have a perpetual picnic."

"All right," said Margaret, happily. "I'll just do it. It never occurred to me before that marriage might mean that at last I should be understood."

(Copyright, 1917)

Tea compressed into blocks which resemble plug tobacco is sold by an English firm for the convenience of tourists.

In Memory—Then and Now - By Molly McMaster

(Copyright, 1917.)

Violet Nash tied on her big drooping summer hat and stood before her mother.

"I am going to walk out to the little old cemetery on the edge of the village, mother. Do you mind?"

The mother's eyes filled quickly with tears. She knew why the girl was going; she knew, too, that her daughter's heart was as full as her own on this, the first Memorial day, since their son and brother had been lost on the battlefield of Europe.

Violet smiled through the tears that had forced their way into her eyes. "I won't be long, dear, and I'm taking a basket of our lovely lilacs and snowballs." She kissed her mother and walked down the gravel path to the gate and out along the country road to the cemetery that had been a landmark long before Violet and her mother had come to Marionville, Ia., from their home in England.

John Nash, the son and brother, had answered the call of his country and had gone to battle. He had never returned and only the news of his brave death had come to the family.

Today, when flags were at half-mast for the heroes of other wars, Violet felt that she must go somewhere, do something, in memory of her dear brother. The only thing that seemed to be possible would be to take flowers to the grave of some other soldier and place them there in memory of her brother.

She wandered about among the crowds in the little cemetery. Some family parties sat about under the drooping willow trees or leaned against the splendid cedars, and picknicked after the fashion of country folk on Decoration day. But Violet could not take on the holiday spirit, and she wandered to the outskirts of the burying ground.

On an old stone, gray and weather-stained, she read the name of "John James Evans." Here was a man named John, as had been her brother. The inscription told her that the man died a hero in the Civil war, and the iron guard of the G. A. R. with its flag flying in the soft May breeze had drawn her toward the spot. But no flowers had been placed on the grassy mound. Perhaps the soldier's family and comrades were all gone, and the flag had been placed there by a committee appointed to decorate all army graves.

Violet knelt down and began to arrange clusters of white and purple lilacs near the headstone. She dropped many a tear as she worked, for the image of her brother was always before her, and she wondered as she reverently placed each flower who would do the same for him. Tears finally streamed down her cheeks and she sat down upon the grass and tried to control her emotion.

When she looked up a man stood beside her. He held a pot of flowers, old-fashioned blooms. He was looking at the flowers on the grave.

"Did you do that?" he asked Violet.

Violet nooded.

"John James Evans was my grandfather," he said. "I come every year. It is good of you," he said. His look questioned her further.

"I saw no flowers on the grave," Violet said softly, and I wanted to decorate the resting place of some brave hero today," she said, swallowing a lump that would rise in her throat.

"My—my brother was lost a few months ago in France fighting with English troops for our country. We are English."

John James Evans—for he was the third of that name in his family—looked down at her and noted the exquisite beauty of her face, tear-stained though it was. "It was good of you to pick out my grandfather's grave," he said, hardly knowing what to say.

Violet shook her head. "It's nothing—to you, of course," she said. "But it has done me good and it has spared mother the pain of seeing me give way to weeping. I just had to, for mother and I have tried so hard to bear up for each other—oh, so hard," she said.

John was placing his pot of flowers in the center of the mound of grass. "These were his favorite flowers and grandmother asked me always to use them—here."

Violet smiled. "How pretty—the sentiment," she said.

After that there was a long silence, during which neither young person seemed to know what to do or say.

"Would you let me take you home?" John Evans finally asked.

"I don't go far," she protested.

"I have my little runabout just outside and I'm sure your mother wouldn't mind," he explained.

Violet looked in his eyes for a moment. "No—I don't believe she would. We don't know very many Americans for we have kept much to ourselves. Do you live in Marionville?" she asked, as she rose.

"No—in Cedartown, five miles beyond. I have a drug store there and it seems to be so successful that I can't get away."

When Violet reached her own gate she insisted that John come in and explain to her mother how it had come about.

Mrs. Nash, naturally reserved, looked surprised, but the straightforward general manner of him seemed to reassure her as it had reassured Violet.

"We'll be glad to have you join us in a glass of cold buttermilk, if you care to wait," Mrs. Nash said, after a few moments.

"Do stay," urged Violet.

And John Evans did stay. He thought he had never seen anyone in the world so beautiful as this little English girl in the rose colored hat and the simple white dress. He tried to keep his eyes from telling her so, for he wanted to come again—and again.

Violet walked to the gate with him when he was able to take his departure. "Mother and I will be glad to see you at any time," she said, shyly.

"Thank you, I shall come, Miss Nash," he said, formally. "It's a peculiar beginning for a friendship, isn't it?" he remarked.

Violet nodded. "Good-by," she said.

And she watched him as far as she could see him.

"My good old grandad was always my guardian angel," John James Evans said to himself on the way home.

A Frenchman has invented an artificial wood for matches, using specially prepared straw as a substitute.